A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

New Scotch SONGS.

CONTAINING,

1. HOLLY and FAIRLY,
2. CORN RIGGS are BONNY,
3. The MOURNFUL SHEPHERDESS,
4. THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE,
5. The LASS of PRATIE's MILL.

TEWKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD: Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Hiſtories, &c. Wholeſale and Retale. Likewiſe the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of eſtabliſhed Reputation, that are advertiſed in the Weekly Papers.

A

COLLECTION, &c.

Hooly and Fairly.

OH what had I ado for to marry,
My wife she drinks naithing but sack & canary,
I to her friends complain'd right airly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank crummie, and syne she drunk garie,
Now she has drunken my bonny grey Marie,
That carried me thro' the dub and the larie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad no much care,
She drinks my claiths I cana well spare,
To th' kirk and the market I'se gang fu' barely,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

If there is ony siller she maun keep the purse,
If I seek but a baubie, she'll scal'd and will curse,
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpit and sparely,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
E'er it come to a war, I am ay for a parly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

A pint wi the cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she fills her sel fow,
And when she is fow, she's unco camsterie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
She runs nor to the cast, she raves and she rants,
Has na dread of neighbours, nor minds the house wants,
Roars some foolish silt, tike an thy heart Charlie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jad's,
And I my am sel a poor auld cuckold Carly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Corn rigs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His shape is handsome middle size,
He's stately in his wawking,
The shining of his e'en surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
Last night I met him on a baw'k,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a glowing;
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing fin syne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind,
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were deſign'd
We chaſtly ſhou'd be granting,
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And ſyne my cockernony,
He's free to touzle aer or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

The mournful Shepherdeſs.

A Laſs that was loaden with care,
Sat heavily under a thorn,
I liſten'd in hopes of my ſhare,
When thus ſhe began for to mourn:
Sa merry as we twa ha been,
Sa merry as we twa ha been,
But never ſince that fatal day,
That we parted laſt on the green.

When thus my dear ſhephord was here,
Each bird did ſo chearfully ſing,
Ev'n cold wiping winter did wear,
A face that reſembles the ſpring;
Sa merry as we twa ha been, &c.
Na kings were ſo happy as we,
When we twa met laſt on the green.

Our flocks feeding cloſe by our ſide,
He gently preſſing my hand,
I view'd this wide world with a pride,
And laugh'd at deſires to command,
Sa merry as we twa ha been, &c.

I envy'd no princeſs nor power,
When I heard the ſoft ſighs of my ſwain.
My dear he would oftentimes ſay,
Why art thou hard hearted to me,
And why wilt thou fly ſtill away.
From one that is dying for thee,
Sa merry as we twa ha been, &c.
But never ſince that fatal day,
That we parted laſt on the green.

But he is gone far from my ſight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I plighted my love,
Sa merry as we twa ha been, &c.
But never ſince that fatal day,
That we parted laſt on the green.

At eve when the reſt of the folk,
Are ſtor'd with their log and their ſpoon,
I lean'd myſelf under an oak,
And heartily ſigh'd to the moon,
Sa merry as we twa ha been, &c.
My heart it is like to deſpair,
When I think of the days that are gone.

Thro' the Wood Laddie,

AS early I walk'd on the firſt day of May,
Beſide a clear fountain,
Beneath a ſteep mountain,
I heard a ſweet flute ſoft melody play,
Whilſt eccho reſounded the dolorous lay:

I liſten'd and look'd and ſpy'd a young ſwain,
With aſpects diſtreſſed,
And ſpirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clear and as freſh as the ſky after rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrove with his pain.
Tho' Cloris be coy why ſhould I repine,
That a nymph much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me;
I ne'er in her rank of merit can ſhine,
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her in mine.
No, henceforth eſteem ſhall bridle deſire,
Nor in due ſubjection,
Retain warm affection,
No ſpark of ſelf love ſhall blaze in my fire,
Then where is the ſwain can more humbly admire.
While paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my breaſt,
And quiet returning,
Shall hush all my mourning,
Then Lord of myſelf in abſolute reſt,
I'll hug the condition that heaven thinks beſt;
Thus friendſhip unmixt and wholly refin'd,
May yet be reſpected,
Tho' love is rejected,
And Cloris muſt own tho' ſhe ſtill proves unkind,
There's not ſuch a friend as a lover reſign'd.
May the fortunate ſwain that hereafter ſhall ſue,
With proſperous endeavour,
To gain her dear favour,
Know as well as I what to Cloris is due,
Be ſtill more deſerving and never leſs true:
While I diſengaged from wiſhes and fears,
Tranquillity taſting,
On liberty feaſting,

In hopes of ſure bliſs ſhall paſs my few years,
And long to eſcape from this valley of tears.
Ye powers that preſide o'er the virtues of love,
Now aid me with patience,
To bear its vexations,
Let noble deſigns my winged heart move,
With ſentiments pureſt my notions improve;
If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,
May prudence direct me,
And courage protect me,
Prepar'd for all darts remembring the ſwain,
Grew happily wiſe after loving in vain.

The Laſs of Peatie's Mill.

THE laſs of Peatie's mill,
So bonny, blythe and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She ſtole my heart away,
When tedding of the hay,
Bare headed on the green,
Love midſt her looks did play,
And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in her dawn,
To age it wou'd give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand,
Thro' all my ſpirits ran,
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd,
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth,
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſure at my will.
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peatie's mill,
Should ſhare the ſame with me.

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